

On the Board Walk at Easter.

Atlantic City's Crowds in Which
Fagged New Yorkers Find Rest.

It is quite typical of the New Yorker that he should take his spring vacation, when nerves and brain are at the breaking point, in a place which is more crowded than the congested portions of Broadway at noon. Atlantic City during Easter week presents this allurement for the tired business man, for the overworked student, for the socially fagged and for the politically disappointed.

By the census which passes muster in popular places there were more than 100,000 strangers in the board walk procession on Easter Sunday. Many of these had been there for the days preceding, getting ready for the fray, many would remain after the great day was over; but the majority were drop-ins, strangers in the gates for a day, a night, an hour, as chance and trains determined.

It is an interesting sight, worth the three hours' ride in the fast train which four times a day goes out crowded with New Yorkers at this season, for it is a unique spectacle, as unique as the floral fête at Saratoga, a round-up of cattle and men on the plains, Futurity Day at Sheepshead, or a regatta at Poughkeepsie or New London.

The first view one gets of Atlantic City is a long line of stages, newly varnished and gilt lettered, belonging to their respective hotels. The line extends as far as the eye can see up one street and down another, and you question whether it is possible for the city to furnish enough hotels to match the buses. After you have seen the

tude and strong enough to stand the steady pounding of the waves. It is on these long piers that the seeker of solitude can forget that the busy throngs of curiosity seekers, men, women, children, ghosts and dogs exist at a stone's throw away.

"Thought you told me I'd get some rest here," a tall invalid was heard to say to a companion. "Do you call it rest with a crowd like this? Why, it's worse than Coney Island on the Fourth of July."

The companion was equal to the occasion. "You can get off by yourself if you want to," he answered. "There's the ends of the piers, and the pavilions, and the sand," pointing to each in turn. "That's the beauty of this place. You can get anything you want!"

And perhaps the companion's explanation explains the attraction of this Easter fête, for it offers you whatever you have need of—the distraction of the city or the solitude of the seashore, and what you think about it or not, the unconscious benefit of fresh air—the only thing that is free there.

Atlantic City, at least that part of it represented by the board walk, is not altruistic. There is the big walk to be kept up from the steady pounding of the waves which little by little eat into and destroy its structure; there are the fine hotels and the fine streets leading to the same, there are this, that and the other dependent upon the elasticity of the visitor's purse—and elastic it has to be, for there are temptations galore stretching out rosy fingers for his allurements.

it beautiful? It once belonged to an Arab sheik. She sat down and stroked it gently. "Such a bargain! Only ten dollars! If I'd bought it in New York—"

The husband gazed helplessly at the crotch. "What's the use," he murmured helplessly in an undertone.

The auction fever has certainly a high temperature on the board walk. Carloads of

He was pointed out as the principal object of interest by the dainty guide, who stopped the chair and impeded the line of march which he made sure that he was not mistaken.

"See 'im there, lady. The only man that's got 'em on the Walk. That's that 'im, the one lurchin' against his lady friend!" It is the colored boy's great ambition to own one of these chairs and run it for his own profit, but so far few have succeeded.

rolling the chairs, it is quite evident that the companies and hotels have little to fear from his competition.

One company on the Walk owns 800 of these chairs, and as there are many companies and many hotels, each having its complement, it is no exaggeration to state that thousands of them are trundling up and down at all hours of the day and evening. On Easter day the procession was like the procession of vehicles in Central



THE CHILDREN AND THE SANDMAN.

stuff are unladen there day by day and sold by a wily tongued auctioneer.

There are auctions of rugs, of bric-a-brac, of embroideries, of clothes, first and second-hand, of jewelry, of souvenirs. Every little auction room is crowded by the women who have come to get away from the strenuousness of domestic irritations and shopping, and from each comes a steady stream of femininity at all hours of the day and evening, weird looking packages in hand and an expression of triumphant glee on the face, the look a woman assumes when she has got the best of her kind, whether in love or auction.

The rolling chair industry is another way of luring the facile dollar from its stronghold. No matter what strenuous ideas one may have started in, one is pretty sure to be charmed from the stronghold of

The cost of a chair is from \$50 to \$100, according to size and make, and as the conductor makes 30 cents an hour for the double chair and 20 for the single, and as he is paid only for the hours he is actually

Park on Sunday afternoons in early June or late May. It seemed to the casual observer that there never was a bigger procession of chairs, but the dainty guide said querulously:

"They ain't as many spenders this year as on Easter day."

"Why is that?" was asked. "Dunno," was the response. "Cawn't tell whether it's the Japan war or the steel trust, but we can't seem to get our mitts on as much as we did last year. I don't seem to be able to get more'n 10 cents off'n any passenger beside my regular wage, but a likely man could starve on that without half tryin'."

But the chair guides bear no marks of immediate starvation. They are a happy-go-lucky crew, shrewd and suave, and

their explanations and observations are distinctly humorous.

Sometimes four, five or even six passengers take possession of the chair and sit on each other's laps with a carelessness of sex, and the guide grins at the delight of trundling the whole party—the more the merrier, or perhaps he has a flirtatious couple—and there are numberless ones there on the walk. These he treats with a discreet reserve, sometimes leaving them altogether while he goes away and talks with a pal and they sit serenely unconscious of the fact that they are being moved.

One amusing chair incident was witnessed on Easter evening. As sometimes happens a man prefers to trundle his womankind.

Sweetheart, wife or sister might have been; but, whoever it was, he left her while he went into a shop to buy a cigar. When he returned he lighted the weed as one who loves his vices, put his patient hands upon the chair back and wheeled away with renewed vigor. He did not notice that he had taken the wrong chair, and the patient occupant, neither did the patient

walter, who sat looking seaward, content to be left for a few minutes alone, knowing that it could be only for a few minutes.

Just how the comedy ended is not known. At last sight, he was a mere speck on the board walk, wheeling with rapid touches the woman left behind as still gazing seaward, and apparently the wheeler was enjoying her ride. It was notable that the woman in the chair was more attractive than the woman left behind. Thus do a man's mistakes, like those of the grocer and the butcher, always profit himself.

On the sands the donkeys walk sedately to and fro, up and down carrying one or two children on a trip. Sometimes a child so tiny that it takes two boys on either side to hold her on thus essays her first journey into the great world, a picture of abject fear and ecstatic joy rolled into one. Sometimes the donkey runs away. Then there is tremendous excitement. But the fall on the soft sand hurts only the imaginations of the careful watchers.

But the chief delight of the children is the Sandman. Most of them it is evident, have heard strange tales told at twilight about the Sandman. In some mysterious way he is mixed up with all sorts of queer doings and dreamings, and so, when he is pointed out to them, busy at work on the shore, with his back turned to the crowds who are looking over the railings of the walk above and watching him, they dance and shout with glee.

Someway, they had never hoped to see him any more than they had Santa Claus, but he is there in the flesh, and soon they and the Sandman are great friends.

The Sandman picks up an honest copper by sculpturing figures on the sand. He uses for his tools a pail of water and a bit of shingle—that is all, if one excepts patience, which is said to be the twin sister of genius, a fact which he daily disproves.

He dampens the sand just enough to give it the consistency of wax or clay and with his fingers and a bit of wood, in an incredibly short space of time, has evolved a female figure carrying a babe in her uplifted arm, both strapped to a piece of raft and having what would have been an agonized expression on their mutual faces if the heel of a curious art student had not obliterated it as soon as made.

Below it, in plain script, so that the lockers above may not mistake it for the Mona Lisa or Lady Hay living, both types of feminine allurements, too, is a motto which reads, "Lost in a Shipwreck," and

below it, as if it was the second line of the stanza "I do this for my love," is the name of the artist.

Check by jowl with the unfortunate pair is a bas relief of the Pope and further on a head which may be either President Roosevelt or Grover Cleveland when it is finished.

The Sandman scorns the idea of asking aid. "I never beg for a penny," he stolidly maintains, "and there ain't any Mr. Bradley payin' for my services as there is at Asbury for the artist time a day."

A stout gentleman promenades across the sand and hands him a nickel with the same air with which Andrew Carnegie might have endowed a library, before sending libraries got to be a habit. The artist pockets the nickel and works with renewed vigor.

"I do whatever's most popular," he answers a questioner. "I never read the papers. I find the crowds like Rock of Ages as well as anything, and so I usually do that."

The Sandman has the blue, far seeing eye and the weather beaten neck of the sailor, but he acknowledges that he never went further of shore than three miles, as the sand work must be responsible for his salty air. At any rate, he is the great joy of the children and the not inconsiderable amusement and interest of the older children as well.

On the board walk in the morning, from 11 till 1, fresh and excited eyes, peering the lesser lights into insignificance, when in the afternoon invalids and children, punctuated by dogs, seem to take possession except for a brief while, just before dinner, when appetizers in the shape of mineral



"IN THE EVENING BOHEMIA TAKES POSSESSION."

waters and brisk walks are again taken by the well-gowned, silk stockinged set. In the evening Bohemia takes possession, Bohemia which, in turn, is invaded by curious ones who have slipped the chaperone of wives, mothers or guardians and are larking up and down the walk, buying sunset stonies, or waggersticks, or Easter gifts, going to theatre or vaudeville, promenading on the piers, and then returning to the allurements of games or corridor



FROM ELEVEN TILL ONE.

hotels you wonder that there are manufacturing enough to turn out stages to match them, with an eight hour labor law in force.

The view from the train, interrupted by clamoring stage drivers whichever way you turn, is really the only sight the visitor gets of Atlantic City proper. As soon as you reach the board walk, you forget that any such place as a city of streets, shops, churches, trolleys, and residences exists. It is the board walk that absorbs you; it is a city by itself and should have a separate name, a separate license and a separate representation in the Legislature.

The English visitor complains that at our seaside resorts the hotels and boarding houses run away from the ocean instead of being constructed on parallel lines, as are the best of theirs. No such complaint could be made of Atlantic City, for a map of the hotel section would look like a copy with the buildings at the intersecting points and at every point between.

The ocean protects itself from this form of invasion and only the long, iron piers are brave enough to intrude upon its soli-

"I brought my wife down here to get away from auctions," said one middle-aged man to a crotch, in a corner of a sun parlor at one of the smart hotels. "She has developed a regular auction mania and attends sales morning, noon and afternoon. We've bought a new place and she wants to furnish it in Colonial style. The doctor told me if I did stop her hanging around auction rooms he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences, and I'm sure I couldn't be. I thought it would be cheaper in the end to bring her down here and leave my business for a week or so."

The crotch waited expectantly. "Well, there ain't a block you can walk in this blooming place that ain't got an auction sign hung out. Talk about New York! Why, when it comes to auctions it's a country village. I never saw so many auctions. You stub your toe over an auction every time you move."

"She's at one now. She's changed from Colonial to Moorish since we came. Says she's going to give all the Colonial furniture to her daughter and have a complete Oriental outfit. I'm pretty orthodox and don't believe in divorces, but if one of the milestones along that road isn't called Auction, then I'm mistaken."

The crotch was sympathetic and his sympathy was the needed touch on the faucet of eloquence.

"She brought in a little bit of linen yesterday, completely perforated with holes like a porous plaster, said it was all hand work and if she'd bought it in New York she'd have had to pay thirty dollars. (After a pause.) Got it for twenty-five. That's the way a man's money goes."

At this juncture a woman whose age matched the speaker's came around the corner of the palm strewn corridor toward the two men. She was waving something in her hand. It was big, a dirty blue with a fringe of gold and a fringe of pearls, and it was in a box, immoral way.

"Bought an Arab dish cloth?" asked husband pleasantly, casting a resentful eye on the little rag.

"S-h-h. It's a cover for a sofa pillow for you, dearie," answered the wife in a gently remonstrant tone. "You said you wanted one just the other day. Isn't

principle by the rolling eye and the rolling tongue of the dainty boy who runs the rolling chair."

The surface of the board walk is easy ground on which the chair may be propelled. There is no certain charm about the motion which one loses in the more rapid walking. Then, too, it gives a different viewpoint from which to look at the mass of people moving along in solid phalanxes up and down.

The chair line is distinctly marked and in the rush hours is carefully maintained. Any one who gets in the way of pedestrian traffic is liable to a fine, and police order is carefully maintained. Some idea of this police discipline may be gathered from the fact that on Easter day even among the many thousands only one man was seen who had apparently mistaken the points of the compass.

THE WRONG WOMAN.

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DISCRETION OF THE GUIDE.

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HER FIRST JOURNEY.

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promenades in the hotels, packed to overflowing with the well meaning holiday seekers.

Easter morning the walk is abloom with masses of flowers, hotel corridors look like conservatories and every third woman has a big bunch of violets, the debutante and widow easily known by the extra size of theirs. Even the dogs have bunches of flowers on their collars, and the dainty guides sport boutonnières of red tulips or yellow jonquils. Early in the day fabulous sums are asked by unscrupulous flower vendors, but as the sun declines so do the prices and when the sky is aflame with color the rainbow tints of the improvised gardens become visibly lessened.

But if you desire to enjoy the fullest beauty of the Easter day at this place, you should go far out over the ocean, to the very end of the long iron pier, just at the gloaming hour. Then the crowds are disappearing to dress for dinner, the place is almost deserted. So far have you walked, that it would seem that you could lean over and touch some ocean isle. Below the waves are breaking in the soft light as if bowls of soap suds had been upset on watered silk.

The nocturnal architecture is outlined against a sky radiant with stripes of scarlet and gold, and what in the day time is a mass of hideous, structural monstrosities is melted into ghostly suggestions done in soft grays and browns.

Then you watch, suddenly the color dies from the sky, to be replaced by millions of electric lights, outlining the whole place in geometrical figures, while at your feet the sea is black as ink with luminous masses of foam.

Then you know, if you have not discovered before, that New Yorkers come to this city of refuge at Easter time.

ANTIQUITY OF CIVILIZATION.

The Long March of Time From Flint Implements to Ivory Statuettes.

From the London Telegraph. So far as the question of time is concerned, it deserves notice that not merely geology, but almost every form of inquiry into the past, throws further back the limits usually assigned.

Except, for instance, is continually furnishing fresh proofs of the antiquity of civilization. Prof. Flinders Petrie expounded at Owens College, Manchester, England, a few days ago the results of recent explorations at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, from which it appears that the ruins at that one spot tell a continuous story that carries us back to 5000 B. C.

Abydos was the first capital of Egypt, and remained so for forty-five centuries, the religious centre, the Canterbury of the land; and there the Egyptian Exploration Fund has unearthed a part of a large, but surprising light on the civilization of the First Dynasty, about 4700 B. C., showed that even then they were making glass on a considerable scale, and also insulating it with a second coat. The ivory carving was astonishingly fine, a figure of a king showing a subtlety and power of expression as good as any work of later ages.

At about 4000 B. C. an ivory statuette of Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, was found, the only known portrait of him. Making every possible allowance for the marvellous rapidity of art development, must not many thousands of years have rolled over between the primitive dwellers in the Nile Valley and the men who carved ivory statuettes and manufactured glazed work, inlaid with second colors? It is a long, long march from flint implements to the solemn temple ivory statuettes and human portraits.

Cold Winter Presages Big Crops. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. "I have always noticed that following the kind of a winter we have had the farmer can rest assured of a good crop," remarked John E. Burton of Lake Geneva. "I have watched the conditions for many years, and it is my observation that when there has been an exceedingly long and cold winter it is followed by a short, warm spring, and then summer. This is my prediction for the coming season, and in addition to this belief that the farmer will witness with the biggest crop yields they have had in years."

It was this rebellion which resulted in the events that led to the Chinese-Japanese War. Thousands of Tong Haks held the lower provinces in terror for a period of years. They marched from village to village, burning magistracies, guns, ammunition, killing magistrates and looting the towns.

They were mounted on horses, and carried spears and banners. They stopped frequently for a march to hold theological discussions with the villagers before they pillaged and beat them.

The Koreans flocked to their standards. There was to be no more sickness, no more deaths; bullets would dissolve in water; the crops thrive. They were further impelled by the reputed prophecy that the 500 years in which the Koreans turned here and there, and the time for revolution had come.

Thus they marched on to Seoul, where a handful of Japanese soldiers attacked them and a score of Tong Haks fell pierced with bullets that did not dissolve in water. Seeing this, the army fled. A few of the rebels were finally caught and executed, and again the Tong Haks seemed to disappear.

THE TONG HAKS OF COREA.

QUEER SECT THAT IS BLAMED FOR THE PRESENT WAR.

It Delights in Looting, Theological Discussion and Massacre and Has Kept the Country in Hot Water for Years—Also It Is an Anti-Graft Organization.

Eighteen a few days ago that Russian and Japanese outposts had come into collision proved only that the Tong Haks were harassing their old enemies, the Japanese. One of the current sayings in Korea is: "The relations between Japan and China were petroleum. The Tong Haks supplied the match."

This briefly expresses the situation that has made the present war possible. But for the triumph of Japan over China, Russian interests in Manchuria would not be imperilled. But for Port Arthur in the hands of Russia, Japan would not have nothing to the new religion, since the words Tong Hak mean Western learning, now fighting, and now busied with theological arguments in a manner so impossible

to Western thought, motives and methods that it is almost impossible to characterize it.

It is the more difficult because the Tong Hak belief partakes of the nature of a religion and of piracy, of metaphysical discussion and of massacre, and also of patriotic resistance to official extortion.

It arose in 1883 in the province of Kyeng Sang in a town not distant from the Japanese frontier. A certain Chong Chieu, a scholar, who, observing the progress of the work of the Catholic priests in Korea, and the persecutions to which they were subjected, thus meditated:

"If these people come so far and do so much good to our people, why kill them?"

He fell ill and, believing that he was about to die, had a vision in which a voice said to him: "Worship God and you shall live and have great power over men." Calling for his writing stone he took down these words. Then, burning the paper on which they were written, he threw the ashes into a bowl of water, drank the water and recovered.

Chong Chieu then devoted himself to writing a Tong Hak Bible. This Bible is made up from doctrines taken from Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism and the Catholic religion. The predominance of the Catholic doctrines in it may be known from the name given to the new religion, since the words Tong Hak mean Western learning.

The Tong Haks worship one god, and their doctrine called "repairing the mind"

corresponds to the Western conception of repentance. They also preach absoluteism from nine on confession.

These doctrines are inextricably mingled with incantations, superstitions, and the mysticisms lavishly furnished by Taoism. In their places of worship the altar is made of cement, red clay and stone. On this stands a bowl of water called the cup of divine favor.

The convert repeats the following Tong Hak prayer:

"Since from always we have worshipped thee, Lord of Heaven, according to thy good will do thou bestow upon us the power to know and not forget. And since thy, unspeakable thoughts have come to us, do thou abundantly according to our desires."

This written prayer is then burned, its ashes mingled with the water and drunk. The convert then gets a number of strips of paper containing magical words.

One protects him against 100 devils. Another renders the bearer bullet proof. A third enables him to jump over mountains or houses and escape when attacked. A fourth makes his enemies to disappear. A fifth rescues him from debt. Another insures good crops.

Other strips of paper containing incantations are burned and swallowed as remedies in illness. A Tong Hak chief captured in 1888 relates of his conversion:

"I had a disease when young, but was too poor to receive medical attention. Thirty-three years ago I met Pak Chung Soh, a merchant, who taught me an incan-

tation of thirteen characters. "Si-chun-jung-cho-wa-jung-sie-pul-mang-man-sa-ohi. Another formula, "chi-kul-kum-chi-wen-tai-kiang," was given to me for conjuring up spirits.

"These formulas I recited for five days, when my body trembled violently, and I began to feel better. The doctrine having made me whole, I gradually propagated it among many people."

"Those who believed in my tenets recognized me as a teacher and called me Punhun, or Law Porch."

Thus equipped it may be imagined that the new religion spread rapidly. Its resemblance to the Catholic religion was fatal, however, and Chong Chieu was executed as a Catholic in 1865 in the massacre which slew over ten thousand Korean Catholics. After this the sect apparently was absorbed into the population.

The work of proselyting, however, went secretly on. This was abetted by two influences.

One was hatred of the Japanese, who were beginning to exert an influence in Korean affairs, and led to the cry "Expel the foreigners." The other was resistance to the extortions of the vanguard class, and of the officials that swarmed over Korea and fattened on the farmer and petty tradespeople.

These influences, with the failure of the crops, brought about a period of unrest in which the Koreans turned here and there, willing to lay hold of anything that would bring relief. This situation the Tong Haks used to their own advantage and brought about the rebellion of 1894.

It was this rebellion which resulted in the events that led to the Chinese-Japanese War. Thousands of Tong Haks held the lower provinces in terror for a period of years. They marched from village to village, burning magistracies, guns, ammunition, killing magistrates and looting the towns.

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Meanwhile every instance of opposition to the Government and lawlessness of all kinds was attributed to the Tong Haks. At last, having quietly grown stronger, Tong Hak leaders in 1893 determined to memorialize the Throne asking that posthumous honors be shown to their founder Chong Chieu, who was executed for being a Catholic.

Clad in their red robes they squatted before the palace gates, until their petition